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*Adventures and
Day Dreams*

— THOMPSON —





Adventures and Day Dreams

By I. OWEN THOMPSON

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PREFACE

In giving this Book of Adventures and Fiction to the public, it is hoped there may be some who are thirsting for knowledge, such as we are able to write. It is natural to crave the knowledge as the result of personal experiences of others. Of the millions and million of people who inhabit the earth, no two are alike in feature and thought. How interesting if all our lips were unsealed to the world. Society has taught us to curb our emotions. If we could live for one day naturally, and express our thoughts as they come to us, then we would interest the public.

THE AUTHOR.

BIX, HIS OWN MASTER

OR

THE DAWN OF DAY

The moon is on watch tonight. He sees a little white house covered with vines and trees. Someone is crawling down the vine from the porch. A son leaving home. The moon smiles. You might imagine him saying, "An honest face. He will come back again. I have seen the act before." Then the moon pulls a huge cloud over his face and goes to sleep.

It was Bixby Chandelor, leaving his home near Dayton, Ohio. The day before, he had driven the black colt to the city against his father's orders. The colt was unshod and fell on the ice, breaking his leg. He had to be shot and father and son had hard words over it. Bix, as he was nicknamed, decided to leave home. He left a note telling his parents not to look for him and that he would come back some day and pay for the colt. He went down through the orchard and out on the highway to Dayton. Here he stole a ride on a freight train going west. After a good many hardships he landed in Wichita, Kansas. Hungry and tired he roamed the streets, with no money to buy food. He wandered around until he came to the big horse sales stables at the show grounds. He sat down on a bench and overheard two men talking. One was asking the other, "Do you know where I could get a



The Chandelor Home in Ohio



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man to help me? I live out in Oregon and have bought a carload of Percherons from Robinson at Towanda. I want a man to go through with them."

Bix asked him for the job.

The man said, "Can you furnish any recommendation?"

Bix answered, "No, sir, but I was raised on a farm and know how to care for horses."

"Well, I will give you board and a free pass and if you get through with the colts all right I will allow you a dollar a day."

"All right, sir, I will take the job."

They went to the car. It was to be pulled out at 8 P. M. It was a thirty-four foot box car. They made a partition in each end, leaving a space in the middle as wide as the doors. This was for baled hay and a barrel of water. The horses were to stay in the car until they reached their destination. They were two year olds. They put five filleys in one end and two stallions in the other. Just before starting, Mr. Smith, the owner, told Bix to get another barrel the first chance he got. He was afraid the one would not hold enough water.

The engine coughed and wheezed. The cars jerked with a bang nearly knocking Bix off his feet. The colts jammed and crowded each other. The train was moving. They switched onto the Missouri Pacific, then up to Ellsworth on the main line. Now the car Bix was in was coupled onto the through freight. Bix

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would feed and water the colts and then at the first stop would go back to the caboose where there was a fire, and ride. It was February the first, and pretty cold, but there was no snow. At the end of each division the engine and the caboose would be exchanged and Bix would go into the car with the colts and stay until the train started again.

When they pulled into Denver, Bix was told that they would lay over there eight hours, so he started out to find an empty barrel. First he took the number of his car—13415. They were cutting the trains all up and switching every way. There were hundreds of cars on the sidings. It was about 8 P. M. and Bix went to several stores but they were all closed. He was about to give up when he saw a barrel in front of a saloon, marked for sale. He went inside and asked the bartender if he could buy the barrel. There were several rough looking men at the bar drinking. One bleary-eyed, red-whiskered fellow turned and said: "Come up, kid, and have a drink."

Bix said, "No, sir, I never drink."

The tough threw his arm around Bix's neck and said, "You drink or fight."

Bix was getting mad and he punched the fellow in the jaw, causing him to fall like a sack of bran. The others made a rush for Bix. Now the bartender took a hand. He stepped from behind the bar with a six-shooter and said, "You fellows leave the kid alone and get out."

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Bix thanked him and bought the barrel. When he started with it he found he could not carry it so he had to roll it down the street. He would kick it along with his feet and here poor Bix was misjudged. There was some whiskey left in the barrel. Just enough to smell and to make matters worse he gave the barrel a big kick. His foot went up and he went down on his back in the gutter. The people saw him lying there, smelt the whiskey and thought he was drunk. It was lucky for him that there were no police about. He finally got the barrel to the car and knocked the head out. Then the men came with the hose and filled both barrels.

He closed the door and lay down on the hay and went to sleep. When he awoke the train was speeding towards its destination and he felt lonesome. He counted the minutes and miles that separated him from his parents in the little Ohio home.

While crossing the big desert the brakeman invited him to ride in the lookout. From here he saw miles and miles of level country. Looking back he saw two shining streaks of steel as far as the eye can penetrate. He looked ahead and saw what looked to him like a huge worm wiggling its way along. Nearer and nearer it came. Now a ring of smoke curled along its back. It is the express. Swiftly the narrowing span between the rushing engines was closing. Unaccustomed to railroading, Bix is panic stricken. He thinks they are in danger of collision. They come to a siding.

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The brakeman throws a switch and they run out on the siding. With a shriek and a roar the huge engine goes rolling by. It is an every day occurrence with railroad men. They count the minutes and seconds as we do hours.

Passing through Idaho there was snow on the ground and they hear of washouts ahead. They pulled into LaGrande, Oregon at four o'clock in the morning of February the eighth and were sidetracked twenty hours. This was the year of the big washouts on the upper Columbia, Snake River and other streams on the O. R. & N. Co.'s lines. The sidings were all jammed full of freight trains, waiting orders. Bix takes on more baled hay. He was getting short of feed on account of the delay. At night he fed and watered the colts and spread his blankets on the hay and lay down. He thought of his nice, soft bed at home. Then he dropped asleep and dreamed of his parents.

He saw his father come from the barn with the milk pails and tell him not to drive the black colt to the city. Then he stole the colt out and with a neighbor boy went to the city. Now he is coming home over the ice. Bang! Crash! the colt fell and was floundering. He wakes up. The train had started and thrown him off the hay. One of the colts was down and the others were tramping on him. Bix got over and helped the colt up. They were going up grade now in the Blue mountains. The two engines charged up the grade pluckily. The string of cars was a long one, but the

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big mountain creepers steamed easily up and up. The train climbed past the little stations which now and then were set on the wooded mountain side. The grade was not steep all the way. There were plateaus part of the way. Then they were up to the summit and the extra engine cut loose and went back. Down the western skirt of the saddle the train shot out on the level to Umatilla Junction. They got orders to sidetrack here again.

Bix has some experience with tramps here. Two tried to get into his car. He shut the door and put up a bar to hold it fast. He stayed inside until he heard the engine coupling onto his train and then he opened the door. The train was starting slow. The two tramps saw the door open and made a rush to get in. One got in, but Bix knocked him out on his back and shut the door on the other's fingers. He was dragged some distance before his hands came loose. At Pendleton Bix got off to get something to eat and when he came back there was another tramp in the car. He was a young fellow about Bix's age and he had no overcoat and was about froze so Bix let him stay and told him he could ride as far as The Dalles. That was as far as the car was to go. So the young fellow lay down on the hay and went to sleep. When they pulled into The Dalles, Bix woke him and told him to get off. The tramp was about half asleep. There were some empty sacks over the barrel half full of water. He got up and walked over the baled hay and stepped on the sacks.

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Down he went in the ice water. When he went shivering down the track, Bix felt sorry for him.

Smith, the owner of the colts met Bix here. He had saddle horses and they drove the colts out to his ranch. Bix worked here until the following harvest. Then he decided to go back in the wheat country to work with some big threshing outfits. He got off the train at Biggs, a little junction station. Here a branch line runs south about seventy-five miles to Shaniko. He asked the agent when the train went south. The agent said some time that day. They did not have any regular time.

So Bix decided to walk up the track. He followed up the canyon until he came to a little siding called Gibson's. He saw six box cars standing on the siding loaded with wheat. He was hot and tired so he crawled in one car on top of the wheat and soon fell asleep. When he woke the car was in motion. He thought the freight train had come along and picked up the car and was taking him back down to Biggs before he could get off. The cars were gaining speed all the time. Bix looked out and could see no engine. Then he began to realize his danger. He crawled on top of the car and looked back. He saw two tramps standing on the siding. They had been put off the cars the day before and through spite had loosed the brakes and turned the six cars loose. Every moment they were increasing the speed and swaying dangerously. On his trip with the colts Bix had hopes of becoming a brakeman but



Combined Harvester

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now he lost all desire for the job. He lay down and crawled to the end of the car and set the brake, but this did not lessen the speed much. He remembered seeing a curve just before the track went out on the main line at Biggs. He must do something before the cars got to the curve. He thought of the sand drifts. He would jump into the sand. The railroad company put up boards to shield the sand from the track. The wind blows the sand up along the boards and forms little mountains of sand. Bix stood up and jumped with his eyes closed. It was fortunate that he lit angling on the side of a huge drift. His breath was nearly knocked out of him. He went rolling and sliding down with the sand all over him. Then he heard a crash. The cars had gone over the curve. He shook the sand from his eyes and got to his feet. There were the cars down the bank and thousands of dollars of wheat scattered in the sand. Unlucky Bix! Now a new danger awaits him. The switchman had seen the runaway cars coming. He ran to throw the switch and saw Bix jump and the cars go over the bank. He told the agent so they took Bix to The Dalles and put him under arrest. Then he told about the tramps turning the cars loose. The company sent a man up the line to investigate. He found the tramps making a meal off some goods they had stolen from the cars the day before. He took them to The Dalles. Bix was given his liberty and a ticket up the Shaniko branch.

He secured a job with a combine harvester on a big

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wheat ranch. Unlucky Bix! Here he had more adventures. There was a long pen to feed the horses in, about thirty feet wide and one hundred feet long. It was made of panels three feet high and twenty feet long. These were tied at the ends to posts set in the ground. This pen was filled with wheat headings and the horses were tied around the outside. There were about forty horses tied to the pen at night. The men would take their blankets and sleep on the hay inside the pen. Bix had a canvas sewed up like a pillowcase with one end open. His blankets were inside and he would slip down between them and sleep warm and comfortable. He was sleeping in the pen one night when there came up a wind and thunder storm. Some of the horses were bronchos and they got frightened and broke one panel loose, jumping over into the pen and swung around over Bix. They broke three more panels and went across the field dragging the panels by their halter chains. When they swung over Bix there was a big spike in one panel that caught in his canvas and dragged him across the field bottom side up for half a mile. He was trapped like a cat in a sack. Finally the canvas tore loose and left him. He crawled out and went limping back after his clothes. The boys joked him about his ride in the aeroplane.

After harvest was over he went south into the stock country. He stopped at a big ranch near Antelope and asked for a job riding. He did not have much recommendation as a cowboy, but the boss was short-

handed and hired him. Unlucky! he had more trouble. The boss gave him a gentle horse to ride. The other boys saw that he was a tenderfoot so they planned for some fun. At night they ran off his saddlehorse and in the morning told the boss they could not find the new man's horse. He told them to get up another for him to ride. The boys winked at each other and went to the corral. They already had one picked for Bix, an innocent looking little bay that could buck some.

They told Bix he was the only gentle one they had up, so he saddled him. The other boys were in no hurry to leave the corral. They saddled slow and lounged about. They all wanted to see the show. The boss came down and said, "Come, boys, you had better get started." Then they got on their horses. When Bix got on his the little bay humped his back and walked a few steps stiff-legged. That was a sure sign. Then he gathered his feet all together, put his nose between his knees and flew into the air. The first jump Bix lost one stirrup; the next jump both feet were loose and he was holding onto the saddlehorn with both hands; the third jump he went sailing up in the air and turning a complete somersault lit in front of the horse in a sitting position. Bix felt as though his neck was two inches shorter. By the time the horse had quit bucking the boys had all disappeared in different directions. Bix was getting his dander up and he saw the boys had played a game on him. So he made a vow right there that he would ride the little bay or die trying.

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The little horse must have understood his resolve, for when Bix got on his back he never bucked a jump, but trotted off. This was the part the boys did not see. Bix rode all day and at night when he came riding the little bay into camp the boys all respected his grit and shook him warmly by the hand in true western spirit.

He stayed on the big ranch one year and learned to be a good rider. Then the roving spirit took possession of him again. He crossed the mountains into the western part of the state and hired to a farmer by the name of Cribs on the Willamette River. The rainy season had set in so he was to chore around for his board. When it came good weather he was to get wages. Unlucky Bix! his trouble this time was to spend the night in a tree with a pig. But hold—I am getting ahead of my story. In this part of the state it sometimes rains for two or three months at a time. This fall it seemed to rain harder than ever. The river began to rise and the smaller streams were all swollen. The sloughs were sheets of water.

In the morning at breakfast Cribs said: "Bix, we will have to get the sheep up off the river and move them to the hills. I am afraid the river will be out of its banks by night."

So they put on rubber coats and long rubber boots and went after the sheep. They had to cross them over a slough. The water was only about two feet deep in the middle but sheep are foolish about taking to water. So the men shoved and "shooed" until they

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nearly gave up. Then Cribs said, "Bix, if we could get a few over the others would follow." So each grabbed a sheep and carried it over. When they set them down and started back they ran back to the flock.

Bix said, "You hold the sheep while I bring more."

He brought one over and it stayed with the other two, so he carried ten over, one at a time. Then they both went back and started the bunch. When the flock saw the others across the water they all made a rush and drowned two. They drove the sheep to high ground. It was nearly dark when they got back. The river was up around the house. Cribs said, "Go and let the stock all loose while I carry things upstairs."

Bix went in the barn and untied the horses and cattle and drove them outside. Then he heard the pigs squealing so he went to the pig pen and found them all floating in water. He got a plank and threw it over to the top of the fence and walked across. He kicked some top boards off and turned to walk back. The water was rising and the plank teetered, throwing Bix in head first. He struck his elbow on a floating chunk and it hurt, so he could hardly swim, so he floated down until he lodged against some driftwood in the fork of a tree. He crawled up on this and lay down. Presently he saw a barn door floating towards the tree. He got a limb and drew it near and pulled it up on the drift and now he had a comfortable platform. Then he saw something white coming his way. It was a

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good sized shoat. He reached out and pulled the pig onto the platform. Then he sat down with his back to the tree. All around him was the roaring, foaming water. The only living thing near was the white pig. Some people may only remember the pig as sliced into breakfast bacon and some may have a memory of nice, juicy spare-ribs, but to this day Bix will not eat pig meat in any form. The pig walked around the platform three or four times and lay down against Bix's leg. It was getting chilly and the warm body of the pig felt comfortable. All through the long night Bix and "piggy" kept each other company. Bix was homesick and he thought if he got out of that place alive he would go home and turn over a new leaf.

At daylight he heard someone halloa so he put his hands to his mouth and halloaed back. Two men in a boat came and took him and the pig to land.

† † †

It is 9 P. M. and dark. If the wise old moon had been on duty he would have seen his prophecy come true. A well-dressed young man was coming up the road from Dayton leading a fine black Percheron filly. When he came to the little white house just off the road among the trees he went into the gate and past the house. He seemed to know just where he was going. He led the colt to the barn, lifted the latch and went in the stable. A horse nickered and he went over and patted her on the neck, saying in her ear, "Kit, old girl, you know me, don't you?"



Roxana



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Now this same evening farmer Chandelor and his wife were talking about their absent son.

His wife said, "Pa, don't you think you were a little severe with Bixby."

"I think I was, Ma. I thought it for the best then. I ought to have let him go in company more, I guess. Do you think he will ever come back? It has been five years now and we have had no word from him."

The old lady answers: "I feel that he will come, Pa. He was a boy that kept his word and you know he left a note saying he would come back some day."

The door opened and in walked Bixby Chandelor, tall and sturdy with a beard on his face. He said, "Am I welcome, father and mother?"

They both exclaim, "What is this? Our son?"

"I am he."

"Welcome home, son," said the old man and they embrace him warmly.

Then he tells them, "I see now that I was wrong. I have tried to make good. The duplicate of the black colt is in the barn."

"Son, we will look at it in the morning. We want to talk to you tonight."

In the morning they all go to see the black colt. The old man said, "My gracious, ma, isn't she a beauty. What do you call her, Bix?"

"I haven't named her yet, but if I was to suggest one, I would call her Roxana, which means 'Dawn of Day,' for this is the dawn of a new day to me."

THE WOLF

For shrewdness and cunning he could outdo the most ferocious timber wolf. He had been a menace to the settlers along the northern slope of the Siskiyou mountains for years. When pursued he had always eluded those that tried to capture him. One time it would be a fat pig missing and then complaint would come from some rancher miles away. He had been robbed of bacon and canned goods. Finally the sheriff took up the case and offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the capture of the outlaw known as the "Wolf."

About this time two young men from the east took a claim at the foot of the mountain on a little creek. It seems strange how opposites in Nature take to each other. Jack Harding was dark, stout and robust, while Joseph Wing was fair and slim and of a nervous disposition. They were very much attached to each other.

They cut some logs and constructed a rude cabin, then they built a stable and corral for two small horses they had. One day Jack went to the store to get some provisions and mail a letter. He rode Tony, the little bay, and led Jim, the sorrel, with a pack saddle. As he rode off he turned in the saddle and said, "Joe, I may be late getting home. Don't wait supper."

When Jack got his provisions packed on the saddle he looked at his watch and it was 2 p. m. Then he



The Cabin at the Foot of the Mountains

THE WOLF

thought to mail his letter so he went to the back of the store where the office was and as he dropped his letter and turned to go his eye caught the sheriff's notice: "\$500.00 reward for the capture of the outlaw known as 'The Wolf.' (Signed) Billy Wiggins, Sheriff."

Joe worked until dark getting out material to make a pasture fence for the horses. Then he went to the cabin and built a fire to cook supper. He ate his supper and set some by the fire for Jack. He sat down by the fire and as he was tired and drowsy he soon fell asleep. He was awakened by the heavy slab door creaking. He looked up and saw in the door the most ferocious human being he had ever seen. His face was covered with a shaggy beard and his hair hung over his shoulders. His few clothes were in rags. His eyes were like two burning coals. Joe was frightened, but it was evident that the creature had not seen him as the room was partly dark and Joe was sitting nearly behind the door. The intruder slouched across the room towards the table. Joe saw his chance and dodged out the door and pulled it after him with a bang. There was a pin and latch on the outside. This he fastened. Now he was undecided what to do with his prisoner. Then a welcome sound came to his ears. It was Jack coming over the creek. Joe was so excited he could hardly explain to him.

"You light the lantern," said Jack, "and open the door. I will cover him with my revolver."

Joe pushed the door open and moved his lantern to

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and fro. They peered into each corner, but could see no one. Then Jack saw the small trap window open.

"Well, Joe, if you had a prisoner he is gone, but I rather think you were dreaming."

"Dreaming, was I? See that piece of cloth sticking on the nail in the window." Joe then explained what his prisoner looked like.

Jack exclaimed, "Just our luck. We lost five hundred dollars by letting that fellow get away." He then told Joe about the sheriff's notice.

No doubt this was "The Wolf," the wild man of the Siskiyou. The boys planned to capture "The Wolf." The reward would come in handy to stock up the ranch. For months no one heard or saw "The Wolf." The boys bought a cow and exchanged work with a neighbor for two pigs to drink what milk they did not use. They cut some small logs to build a house for the pigs. When laying the foundation Joe said, "I have an idea. Let's build so as to guard against 'The Wolf' stealing our pigs and at the same time set a trap." His plan was to build a partition and put the pigs in the back end which would be covered over. So the thief would have to go through the front end to get the pigs. The open end would have a top swung up and set with a trigger. When the thief stepped on a board in the bottom of the pen the top would close and shut him in.

"A wise head," exclaimed Jack.

They worked on the trap pen until it was completed, then Jack went inside to see if it would work. It



Joe Going After the Sheriff

THE WOLF

worked like a charm. In fact, it worked like a charm because Jack was a prisoner and Joe was unable to release him and had to bring one of the neighbors before the door could be raised.

The next day they put the pigs in. There was a hole in one side to put the feed in so they need not bother the trap.

Now came word that "The Wolf" had been plundering five miles up the mountain. Joe and Jack went well armed and the settlers were all on the watch hoping to starve him out. One morning Jack was getting breakfast while Joe was gone to milk the cow and feed the pigs. Jack was walking to the table with the skillet of hot bacon when the door flew open with a bang, knocking him down. The bacon and grease flew every way. In rushed Joe yelling, "We got him. We got him."

Jack got to his feet and shook Joe by the shoulder, "Joe, have you gone crazy or what is the matter with you?"

Then Joe said that the trap pen was down.

They grabbed their guns and run to the pen. The pigs were squealing and something was moving around inside.

Jack said, "Joe, you ride after the sheriff while I watch him."

Joe mounted and rode as fast as the horse could run. Jack sat on a stump and kept watch. After two or three hours he realized he had had no breakfast. He

THE WOLF

ran to the shack and grabbing something off the table came back to watch. He could not hear the pigs now so thought they had quieted down.

About 10 A. M. Joe, the sheriff and a deputy came loping up. When the sheriff saw Jack sitting on the stump he said, "Well, my boy, so you have trapped 'The Wolf.' "

"He is in there," and Jack pointed to the pen.

They planned how to get him out. The sheriff got a rope and they all go up to the pen and look through the cracks. The sheriff jumped back and roared with laughter.

"Boys, your wolf is a mountain lion."

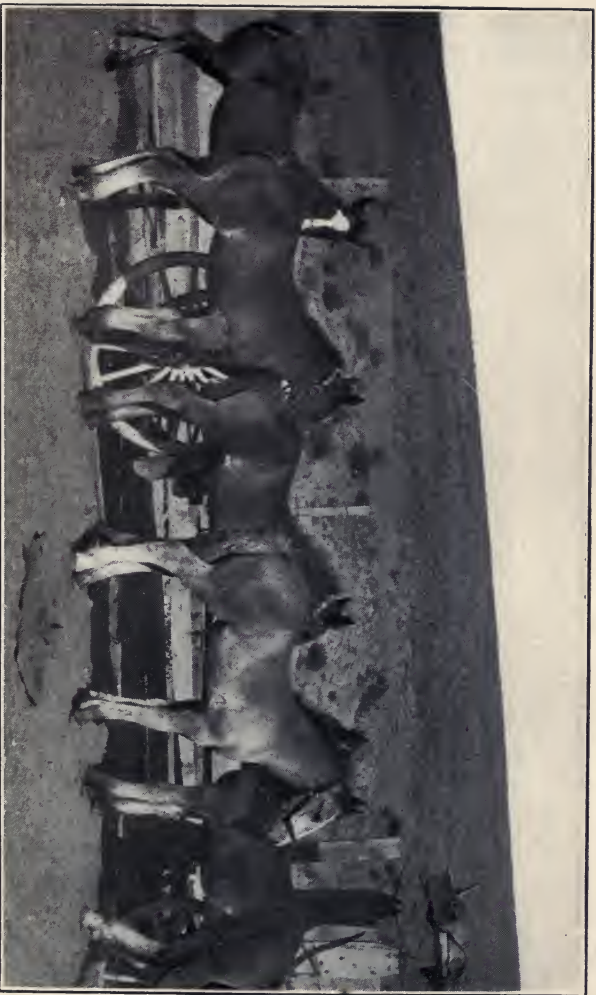
Sure enough they had trapped a mountain lion. They shot him through the cracks and opened the trap. The lion had devoured both pigs.

"Boys," said the sheriff, "I will excuse you this time. If the trap will catch a lion it might catch 'The Wolf.' So you had better bait the trap again. The lion will more than pay for the pigs. But be sure and look inside before coming for me again."

He rode off and Jack and Joe felt beat.

When they got the pelt off the lion they felt better. They sold the pelt and with the bounty netted fifteen dollars. For three dollars they bought two more pigs. Then they were ready for more game.

Autumn had come; the squirrels were storing nuts for winter. Jack and Joe were up the creek cutting dry wood for the long winter. They took no dinner



Colts the Boys Bought with the Reward

THE WOLF

with them so came home early. When inside the clearing Joe clutched Jack's arm. "Look, the trap is thrown."

They do not think of catching "The Wolf" in the day time and looked in the pen expecting another lion. Jack jumped back saying, "Joe, he is in there this time, sure."

Sitting in one corner was the wild man.

This time Jack rides after the sheriff. When he comes, "The Wolf" puts up a game fight but is overpowered and tied with ropes. The sheriff tied him on one horse and as he started he turned and said, "Boys, don't forget to come and get the reward."

Jack and Joe felt rich. They planned to buy some young colts and improve the ranch with the money.

The wild man could not stand confinement and after a few days was found dead. In one hand was a package of papers closely written in a neat hand and in the other was a pencil. The paper read thus:

"They say I am mad. If so be it the whole world is mad. Is it madness to live in Nature's forest far away from society's deceitful clutches? Nature produces food and I eat thereof. Is this madness? I did not always look like this. These bushy locks were once silky and smooth. My hands were white and soft. I had wealth but was robbed by a crafty guardian. When I came from school I was forced into society. Wine was passed around. I declined and was laughed at so I

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drank to keep up appearances. I learned to like the taste of liquors. I met a girl that I loved and adored. One night I took her to a ball. I drank too much wine and was overcome. Then I started to go home and met my love on the stairs. I told her to go home with me and she declined. I gave her arm a jerk. She fell over the railing to the floor. The people all came and pushed me away. Someone said, 'She is dead.' No. No. She is not. I saw them carry her away all dressed in white. She was asleep. She will some day wake and come to me. I went out into the night and drank more to drown my grief. Then I went home and my guardian drove me out. He, who first taught me to take my first drink. Then he had me shut in a mad house. May the Lord judge who was mad. He or I? Ha! Ha! Then I fooled them. I escaped and left the city. Far away from society's maddening clutches where they play, gamble and drink at night and sleep in the daytime. 'Tis the idle rich that is mad. Ha! Ha! I fooled them. They stole my wealth, but I have more. I can buy the wealthiest of the world. I know of a cave under a cliff. It is full of gold. Some days I go there and keep bank. Ha! Ha! Mad world. I alone am free—"

Written on the back of the package was the dying man's scrawl: "See, she is awakening. She is coming to me; all dressed in white. Now I am free."



Pinto

ON THE TRAIL

It was June of the year 1884, that my brother, Edward, and I hired to the Morey Company to make the big drive from Oregon to Nebraska. There were four of us to drive the horses and we each got forty-five dollars a month and board with the exception of my brother, who was to oversee the crew at sixty dollars a month. I was eighteen then and my brother was ten years older.

The old gentleman Morey drove two horses on a light spring wagon. His son, Frank, drove four horses on a light wagon and hauled our bedding and provisions. There was a cupboard made on the end of the wagon and when the doors were opened it formed a table. We had a sheet-iron stove and covers on the wagons. Frank was to do the cooking and he would go on ahead and find a good camping place with plenty of grass (we carried our drinking water in a barrel on the side of the wagon). He then put up the tent and had supper ready when we came up with the horses.

We never went over twenty miles a day and on some days only eight or ten. We wanted to keep the horses fat so they would be saleable when we got through.

The Moreys were in the hardware and machinery business for several years, and had a good many bills out, so they took horses whenever they could settle the debt. The others were bought from all over eastern Oregon and Washington, so we naturally had

ON THE TRAIL

a mean bunch of horses to handle. They were mostly small, weighing from eight to twelve hundred pounds. There were two hundred and twenty in the bunch and mostly all unbroke. We had one broke saddle horse each when we started, and Mr. Morey said we could have as many more as we wanted to break.

I started with a little pinto. He was gentle and trusty and I used him on the night herd. The first one I broke was a high-headed white Indian pony. When I saddled him in the corral, the boys all watched for the show. He put me back of the saddle the first jump. The boys opened the corral and chased him out. I soon had him under control and then it came my turn to laugh when the others rode their first bronchos.

The next was a fellow named Jim Grant. He picked on a fine looking cream colored four-year old. She jumped pretty lively in the corral and when we let her out she bucked down the hill side and went down in a badger hole. Jim went ten feet over her head. He got up with a bad knee which bothered him all the trip.

The next was Bob Spoon. He had a shady character but was a first-class rider, so my brother hired him. He picked a buckskin with a mean head. We blinded him until Bob got on. He bucked twice around the corral, then stood on his hind feet and fell over backwards, but Bob was too quick for him and jumped clear. He went backwards three times, then Bob



Horses Taking a Sun Bath

ON THE TRAIL

gave him a rap between the ears with his quirt as he was coming up and that settled him for that trick.

We kept breaking until we each had eight or ten to ride. We generally changed horses twice a day. The first day we made fifteen miles and camped at night on the high bunch grass lands east of the John Day River. We had a hard time getting the horses to swim this river. We bunched them in the water knee high and all shot our guns in the air. Some of the horses jumped in swimming water and the rest followed to the opposite bank. There were several colts from two weeks to two months old and they floated down stream and landed about a half a mile below the herd.

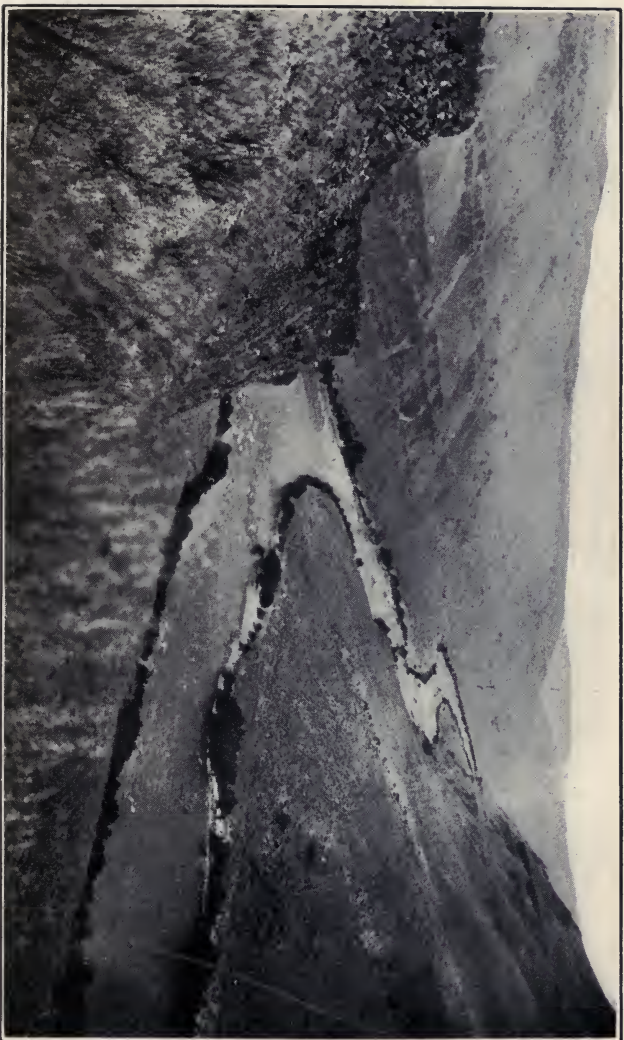
The first night we drew straws to see who would night herd. It fell to Bob and Jim; one to herd until midnight and the other until morning. The second night we camped on a big level prairie. I took the first shift from six until twelve. There was no moon, but the stars were shining. I felt pretty lonesome as I took Pinto around the herd, not too close as I might waken some that were lying down, as they might drift. I learned while night herding that the horses get uneasy about midnight and just before daylight. About twelve, I heard spurs jingling and was mighty glad when my brother rode up. I went the way he told me and was soon in camp. I was pretty sleepy and I tied my pony by the side of the wagon and rolled in my blankets. In the morning

ON THE TRAIL

the boys woke me and said my horse had pulled the stop out of the barrel and let all the water out, so we had no coffee for breakfast. The cook and all the rest were in ill humor.

The second week out Jim and Bob planned to steal part of the horses. While Bob was on the first shift, he split the herd and drove about fifty head down into a deep canyon where Jim met him later. Then they drove towards the Columbia River where they expected to cross to the Washington side. In the morning we did not see Bob rolled in his blankets as usual, so my brother went to the herd to investigate. He soon came back as fast as his pony could run and said that the herd was scattered and the boys were not to be seen. Frank had been looking in the wagon and said that their valuables were gone. Then we were suspicious and all rode to bunch the herd. We missed forty or fifty head and Edward and I rode all day and found no clue until evening, when we met a cowboy from the Willow Creek Ranch who said he had seen two fellows driving a bunch of horses towards the Columbia River. We persuaded him to go with us and then rode to the breaks; then down the river trail. Just at dusk we came up to Bob and Jim. They were trying to swim the horses across the river. When they saw us they rode up the bluff and opened fire on us. We exchanged shots, but it was getting too dark to see good and only my brother got a slight wound in the leg.

We move two miles up the river and corraled them



John Day River

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

for the night, then sent word to the sheriff. The next day we drove to the herd and my brother rode to Pendleton and hired two more boys.

One night we camped on the edge of the Umatilla Indian Reserve and it was here Bob and Jim made their second attempt to drive off some of the horses. They got some of the young Indian bucks to help by giving them whiskey. One of the new boys was herding and we heard shooting out at the herd. We all saddled and rode to the herd. The Indians were scattering it every way and it was hard to tell the Indians from our boys. I saw a fellow driving a bunch from the herd and I took chances and fired. His horse went down. It was an Indian and I had killed his horse. Bob and Jim, with some of the Indians were riding towards the mountains with a bunch of the horses and as it was too dark to follow we rounded up the herd and held them until morning. Then Mr. Morey went to the agency and notified the agent.

When the agent came we took up the trail to the mountains and came to four of the Indians holding the horses in a deep ravine. Bob and Jim were too slick. They had left the Indians on watch and rode away. The agent put the Indians under arrest and we drove the horses back to the herd. We were shy five head when we made a count.

The next morning we continued the drive. About one month later it fell my lot to night herd. It was up near Pouder river and about the most dismal place

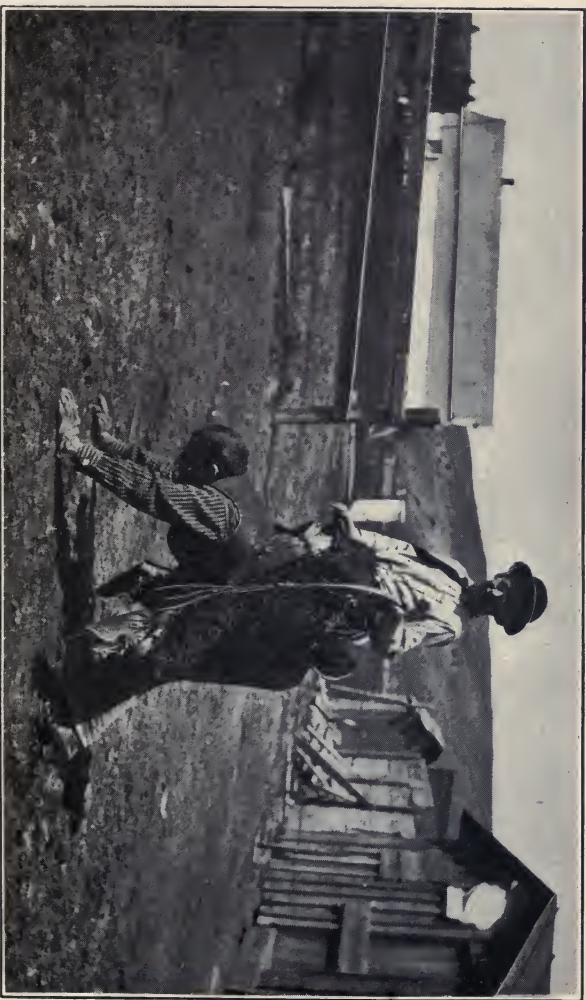
ON THE TRAIL

I was ever in. An owl hooted from the swamp and the coyotes answered him from the hillside. As I rode around the herd a colt squealed from the other side and the mother answered. Then they were all neighing. The bells were jingling. They were on the drift. 'Twas dark and I rode fast around the herd and tried to hold them. Still they were drifting fast. I thought I heard someone halloo and I stopped to listen. It was Edward who rode up and asked me where I was going. I replied that I was going to better feed.

It proved by daylight that I had gone two miles. When we had them quiet my brother said that I could go to camp. I asked him where camp was and he showed me the way he thought was right, but he was wrong. I rode for half an hour and then thought the pony might know the way so I dropped the rein on his neck. He turned square to the right and went straight to camp.

We had had so much bad luck that the Moreys concluded to ship the rest of the way so that the first town we came to where we could get cars, we loaded the horses on and Edward and the Moreys went through with them. The new boys got work near Baker City and I had to take the trail back and pick up the horses we had lost.

When I had said good-bye and the train had pulled out I started on my long ride back. I rode a little white horse called Chub which proved to be a good one, as I rode him all the way.



Cowboys at Noon—Riding a Bad One

ON THE TRAIL

When near the Umatilla Reservation I kept my eyes open for the strays. While riding down the Snake River I saw someone driving horses toward the river. He looked familiar to me and I led my pony to the bank and waited until he passed by. It was Bob and when he was out of sight I rode to the nearest ranch and sent word to the sheriff, then rode back and took Bob's trail. He left the river and went towards the mountains. Presently he seemed to be looking for someone and he finally let the horses graze and laid down on the grass.

I left my pony and crawled near enough to see the brands on the horses. There were ten head and three had the M brand. I slipped back to my pony and rode towards the river where I met the sheriff and two deputies. I led them back on the trail and we left our horses and crawled up to some bushes. Bob and Jim were sitting crosslegged eating a lunch. We jumped out and ordered hands up and as they saw we had the drop on them they held up their hands. The sheriff took them to Pendleton.

I took the three M horses and turned them over to Morey's friends. Bob and Jim served their time at Salem.

Edward wrote to me that the horses were sold at a good profit. This concludes my experience on the M drive.

THE VALLEY OF THE MIRROR LAKE

It was the fall of the year. The grain was golden and the leaves were falling when the wind shook the trees. They went whirling and fluttering more like things of life than of the dead.

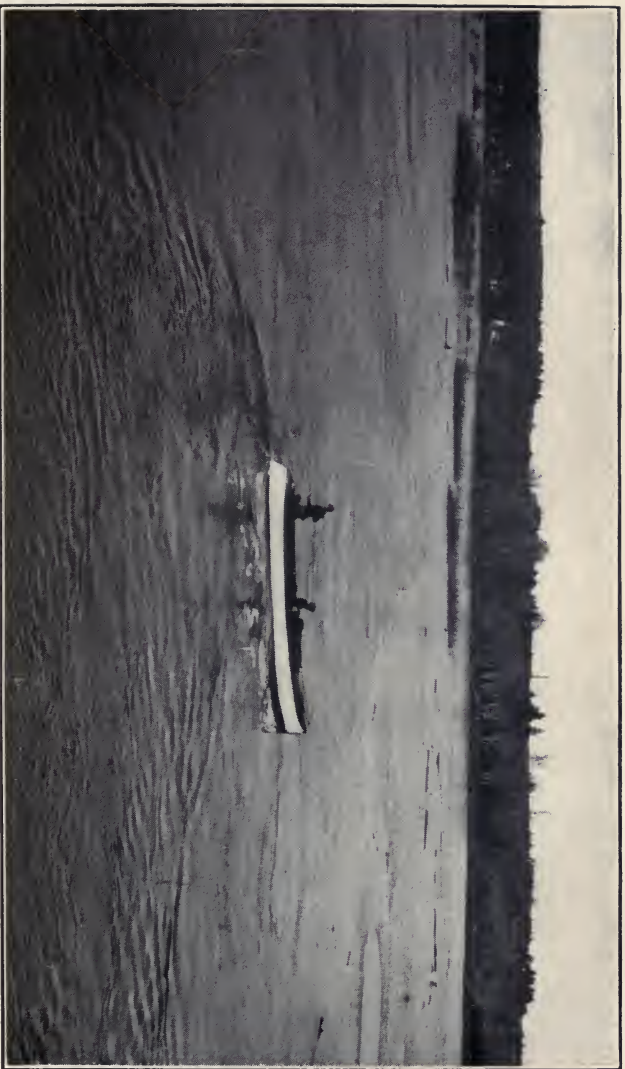
I was visiting my old chum, Dave Miller, out in Oregon. We were lying under the trees down by the brook. Dave said, "Bun, how would you like to make a trip over the mountains into a little valley not far from here?"

Bun is not my name, but only a nickname. When I was in school, about eight years old, I was caught eating a bun in school hours. So the teacher made me stand in front of the school and finish it. I have been Bun ever since.

I rise and bow and say, "I would be delighted to make the venture."

So on the morrow we hitch two ponies to the buck-board and head towards the mountains.

When our Creator made this world he made a lot of barren, waste land, but like all other things there is good to offset the bad. The little valley of the Lake Creek country will offset some of nature's barren spots. As we drop down, down the trail into this valley, I think how much nicer it would be if we could go sailing over the mountains in our aeroplane, then circle the lake



Boating on the Lake

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

and light like some huge bird by the clear water. Some day it may be done.

We are getting down in the valley now, but still in the timber. Now we pass a sawmill busy sawing up the giant trees. A little farther and we come to small farms. The crops look thrifty. They raise wheat and oats and clover in abundance. Dave points out dairy barns along the way. This is an ideal dairy country.

We come to a schoolhouse, church, store and post office. This is where mail is supplied for the upper end of the valley. We stop here over night, and in the morning we go on down the creek. Dave says we will soon be to the lake now.

We enter the timber and come out again in sight of the lake bathed in the glorious sunshine. The birds are singing glad notes to the new born day. The whole forest world mysteriously enchanting in its primeval grandeur.

I grab Dave by the arm and say, "Sh!" A doe and two fawns wade into the water and stand in the shallow waters. Very graceful they are and very sensitive. Presently the old doe scents danger and leads her young ones into the deep forest. The lake is called Triangle lake on account of its shape. It is about one and a half miles across and about eighty feet deep. If I was to name it I would call it Mirror Lake. One sees his face dancing down in the clear water and you may see the reflection of the trees at the bottom. It is surely Nature's mirror. The birds come in the

THE VALLEY OF THE MIRROR LAKE

morning and looking in the water primp and preen their feathers with as much pains as a lady in her boudoir. Now a jaunty buck comes down from the mountains and takes a look to see if he is in shape to go calling on his lady doe.

From here Dave says it is about thirty miles to tidewater and about twenty-two from tidewater to the ocean. Lumber schooners of half a million tonnage ply in and out since the work of the new jetty. If one enjoys angling, 'tis good sport to go on the lake in a canoe. When the insects are dancing about over the water and ofttimes at a considerable height above it, the observer may be quite satisfied that these are the male species waiting for the female to appear and shortly after the female may be seen flitting over the water dipping to the surface and rising again in the act of depositing her eggs, finally coming to rest only to be swept away to her depth. Then the sportsman may enjoy fishing on the lake. If you prefer to fish in swift water, just paddle down the lake to the outlet and then down stream to the falls. Here the water goes mad, rushing over the rocks with a roar, always in a hurry, finally falling over the abrupt falls to the rocks below to be churned white with foam. About June the fish will be found in the broad deep water below the falls. Here one can go out on a fallen tree or overhanging rock in the shade and enjoy the sport.

Around the lake among the shady trees is an ideal place for camping in summer. We skirt the lake and



A Good Day's Catch on the Lake

THE VALLEY OF THE MIRROR LAKE

then go in the timber again to come out in sight of a smaller lake covering about twenty acres. This is called Little Lake. We follow up a clear swift stream until we come to a little valley apart from the larger valley. Here we come to a spot most beautiful to behold. I just catch a glimpse of a white house through the orchard. A pet deer is nibbling in the garden. The dog barks and the owner, Jesse Most, an old friend comes out and welcomes us.

A true mountaineer is he. Stout and sturdy. He has been here for twenty-two years. When he took his claim it was a forest. Now he has the bottom land all cleared. He raises all kinds of grain, fruit, berries and garden truck. He has his barn full of hay and milks six good cows and ships his cream. There is a cream wagon which makes a trip once a week through the valley. He weighs his milk and knows what each cow is doing. This is a model little home. The water is piped from the spring on the mountain to the kitchen sink. We put the ponies in the barn and go in to dinner, when a beautiful sight greets the eye. There is a row of deer horns clear around the dining room. There are twenty-seven sets from the small spikes to the broad antlers of some monarch of the forest. The floor is adorned with bearskin rugs. Our host is known far and near as a good shot and many a proud beauty has fallen to his true aim.

Jesse proposes a hunt on the morrow, so we are up bright and early. How delightful to inhale the pure

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

fir-scented forest air. We go up the mountain and then separate. Jesse goes north into the forest; Dave up the ridge to the east; and I to the west. I travel over logs and through brush. There is a carpet of moss under my feet. Here the salal berries and the huckleberries grow in abundance. The stillness of the forest comes over me. I sit down on a fallen tree and listen. The big firs are sighing and whispering to each other.

My thoughts wander. The stillness and the pure mountain air clears my brain. I see the past as if it were a book laying before me. I see the good and the bad deeds I have done and strange it may seem that the bad stand out before the good. I go back to my early school days; see all the boys and girls as they were then. I see myself and my seat mate, Bill Moore, kept in after school hours for running away to the creek and going in swimming. Later I take up the work on the farm, as my older brother leaves to work for himself. A few years later I turn the plow over to a younger brother and go to a new country and take up government land. Finally the call to the city comes to me. I sell out, move to the city and go into business. I am swallowed up by the mad rushing business world, always striving for more money, with no rest, no pure air. I lock up, pack my suit case and start for the country. Crack! a limb breaks at my feet. I come to reality and jump to my feet. A deer? No, just a squirrel running up the trunk of a tree. I walk on into



A Six Prong Buck

THE VALLEY OF THE MIRROR LAKE

the forest and come face to face with a five-pronged buck. He is about fifty yards away and standing as still as a statue. The most beautiful creature I ever saw, sleek and glossy with big round eyes. I stand and look him in the eyes when it comes to me suddenly that I am hunting deer and have a gun under my arm. My hand begins to shake (the buck fever); I raise the gun to my shoulder when lo! the buck bounds in the air like a bird and into the forest he goes. My gun goes off and cuts the twigs from the top of a tree. Now this will never do to tell the boys, so I will tell them I crippled a buck and he got away. I hear a shot to the north, so I go that way until I come into a clearing. Jesse is bending over a four pronged buck. He brought him down with the first shot. He uses a 30-30 with telescope sights. He showed me where he stood across the ravine. It was two hundred yards away.

Dave comes in from the east ridge and Jesse says, "By the way, Bun, I heard you shoot. What did you kill?"

"Me? I shot a buck and crippled him, but he got away."

"How do you know you crippled him," asks Dave.

"Oh, I saw the blood along the trail. See where I got it on my hand." And I showed them where I had got huckleberry stains on it.

The boys looked at each other and I believe they doubted me, but they said nothing.

We carried the buck down to the house and dressed

THE VALLEY OF THE MIRROR LAKE

him, then we feasted on venison. Surely our hostess knows how to cook venison, for I can close my eyes and almost taste it yet. I will always remember the little mountain home.

We bade our friends good-bye and followed the road down to tidewater. After camping here a few days, we packed up and started for home. One is always sorry to turn his back on such a delightful scene. This country has a future. It has made vast improvements. It was first settled by a few bachelor trappers about forty years ago and by families about twenty-five years ago. Some of the younger ones have married and raised families and some have never seen the outside world. The present population is about two hundred and seventy-five. There is being milked at present, about three hundred dairy cows. These people have certain laws of their own by custom. They are contented and happy. A courageous people in a little world of their own. Some day the falls will be harnessed by electricity. Cars will run to the outside world and a new life will be born to this little valley. Then it will pulse in union with the outside world.



Raven Gulch

UNCLE BILLY'S KID

If an old time prospector should chance to read this, he may remember the Raven Gulch mine in southern Oregon in the Siskiyou Mountains.

It was a warm day and Uncle Billy's Kid was playing in the sand by the creek. Uncle Billy came down from his mine and walked down the creek towards his cabin. He is tall and broad of shoulder. His sleeves are rolled up and his breast is bare. His face and arms are streaked with dirt and sweat. His beard is gray and his hair is long. He is thinking of something perplexing and his brows are drawn together. He comes to where the Kid is playing. Then his face lights up and he stoops to swing the Kid to his shoulder. As they pass the other miners' doors, each has a smile or word for the Kid.

The Kid, as you might suppose is not a boy, but a blue-eyed girl with sunny hair. She is about six years old. The Kid is the only name she ever knew at the camp. The miners did not even know Uncle Billy's name. When he came to the camp two years before, with the little girl, he told them his name was Bill, so they fell into the habit of calling them Uncle Billy and the Kid. The Kid was the idol of the camp. The miners would bring her flowers and build her play-houses.

When she got older she learned to do Uncle Billy's

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

cooking and kept the cabin bright and clean. In the evenings Uncle Billy would teach her to read and write.

One evening there was a newcomer in camp. He told the miners he is from California and that his name was Petro. He was a Spaniard. The next day after he came he located on a claim just above Uncle Billy's and started working it. The miners did not like him very well, but as they had nothing against him, they treated him civil.

The Kid was about seventeen then and very attractive. She was slim and as supple as a young deer. Petro soon was in love with her, but she gave him no encouragement.

Uncle Billy was getting old and lame and could not work much in the mine.

One evening the miners were sitting in front of the stone house smoking when one of the boys from the north end of the gulch came down and said he had been robbed of his dust. Petro was loud in proclaiming what they ought to do to the thief.

On the morrow the miners all went down the gulch to help Jensen the Dane, with some frame work in his mine. The Kid was sitting in front of her door sewing when she heard a roar and rumbling. Then she saw a cloud of dust down where the miners are at work. She feared something had happened at the mines. She went down the gulch like the wind. Her worst fears were realized for there had been a slide and the mouth of the mine was completely closed. They

were all in the dark earth. All that were dear to her. She clawed at the rocks until her hands bled. O, something must be done. She realized that she was helpless to move the mass of rock and dirt. She would go to the next camp over the mountain for help.

She ran up the gulch like mad with her hair streaming over her shoulders. Now she was climbing the mountain trail. She took the shorter cut. It was rough and slow traveling, but much shorter. At times she was nearly exhausted and sank down on a rock and fanned herself. Then rushed madly on again. Will she be too late?

† † †

A young man jumped from a Broadway car in New York city, crossed the street and entered the elevator saying, "Fifth floor." He had just finished a course in college as mining expert. He walked to the door marked: "127. Fred E. Wilson, Lawyer." and entered. Here was a middle aged man bending over his desk.

The young man said, "Well, father, am I late?"

The older gentleman jumped to his feet and shook him by the hand, saying, "No, son Alan, you are on time. I have the contracts all ready to sign. When do you start? Tomorrow?"

"Father, I am waiting with growing impatience for my active duties to begin."

"Well, my son, here are the papers. May the Lord protect you, for you are going into a rough country. And remember these gentlemen are putting confidence

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

in you to trust you with this business. Try and make good."

"I will do the best I can, father. Good-bye."

Young Wilson took the 3.30 train for the West. He was being sent by capitalists to buy mining claims in the west. He arrived in San Francisco and learned he could go part of the way north by train. When he could go no farther by train he bought him a saddle horse and a pack horse. He came to many mining camps, but did not make a deal that he thought would suit his company, so he pushed on farther north. He had been on the trail two weeks and his beard had grown until he began to look like a prospector. He had just left one camp and took the wrong trail which leads him over the mountain. His horse was picking his way with head down when he snorted and wheeled about nearly throwing Alan to the ground. He thought of Indians, so drew his revolver and wheeled his horse.

A vision greeted his eyes. A young girl was running down the trail towards him, her arms bare and her hair streaming in the wind. He saw she was in distress and jumped from his horse and ran to her. She was breathing hard and it was sometime before she could explain to him. Then the mental picture of the girl taking her life in her hands and braving the mountain trail thrilled him. He loosened the pack and put her on the horse; then rode back to the camp for help. A dozen men volunteered to go to Raven Gulch. They

worked most of the night before hope came. Then one of the miners heard voices within the rocks. The news was received with rejoicing. Now they soon made an opening and crawled in. They found all alive but some nearly exhausted. They came out one at a time. When Uncle Billy came out the Kid threw her arms about his neck and wept.

When the miners learned the part Alan had played in their rescue they greeted him with a hearty handshake. There was one who came from the dark mine who did not welcome Alan. It was Petro. With a jealous eye he saw in Alan a rival for the Kid's hand.

On the morrow Alan makes his business known and secures an option on three claims, including Uncle Billy's. 'Tis necessary for him to go to 'Frisco to have some papers signed, so he sets off on his journey.

Petro thought to improve the time while Alan was away, so one evening he asked the Kid to marry him.

She said, "No, never."

Then Petro said, "You will never marry that eastern dude. I am going away, but will come back. Then you will marry me."

The next morning Petro was gone. So was the dust from several cabins. The miners tried to track him, but were unsuccessful.

Uncle Billy was poorly since being shut in the mine, so he took to his bed. The Kid nursed him with tender care. He told her one night he thought he was getting near his journey's end, and gave her a key telling her

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

when he was gone to open the little black box. One evening Uncle Billy seemed better, so she left him in care of one of the miners and went up the gulch to pick some flowers.

She heard a noise and looked around. A blanket was thrown over her head and she was carried off. It was Petro and he took her to where he had two horses and tied her onto one of them.

Then he said, "Now, my proud beauty, we will see if you won't marry me."

Then he started over on the Rogue River.

One-half of the world does not know what the other half is doing. There were two horsemen heading up the trail for Deadman's Pass. One from the south and one from the north. The one from the south stops his horse. He is leading a pack horse. 'Twas a grand scene before him. He looked down on the Rogue River as it twisted through the mountain like a huge snake. Now it whirled and rushed over the rocks, but always rushed madly on. He takes off his hat and cools his brow. He is in no hurry and is a lover of Nature's work.

Over on the north slope the horseman too has a pack horse; or is it a pack. It looks more like a human being tied to the saddle. This rider is in a hurry. He is nervous and keeps looking back. Now they are both nearing the summit. They round a huge rock and come face to face. 'Tis Petro and young Wilson.

Petro drew his gun and fired. His horse jumped and

UNCLE BILLY'S KID

his aim was not true. Then a cry rang out over the rocks and echoed back, "Alan, Alan, save me."

Alan drew his gun and fired twice. Petro's horse reared and fell over the cliffs to the rocks below.

Alan cut the ropes that bound the Kid and took her in his arms.

When they look over the cliffs Petro and his horse were seen mangled on the rocks below. They rode back to the gulch. The miners were looking everywhere for the Kid. Uncle Billy had died while the Kid was away. The miners made a grave down by the creek and they buried Uncle Billy.

One day the Kid told Alan about the key and the little black box. He told her to open it. She did so and found a paper marked, "To My Niece." She opened it and read.

"I, William Farrar, of New York City, leave all I possess to my niece, Irene Vivian Farrar, including my claims, stocks and bonds in New York. Take this to my old friend and lawyer, Fred E. Wilson, at . . . Broadway, New York and prove your claims. Now a word as to why I have kept you in this out of the way place so long. Read through, and I hope you will forgive me.

"At about four years of age you were given into my care by a dying widowed mother. I had just been disappointed, as I hope you never will be. I loved and adored a society girl, but she proved to be false and fickle, so I made a vow

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

that I would take you away from society until you were old enough to seek a love that was true and pure."

After reading this, young Wilson said: "Fred E. Wilson is my father. Can you accept a love that I vow is pure and true? And we will go together to my father's house."

Her answer was, "I forgive Uncle for his wish has been fulfilled."

They journeyed to New York City. When they arrived in the city Alan left Vivian just outside his father's office door and walked in. "Well, father, I am back. I bought three mines and in one I found a jewel more precious to me than gold. May I show you the jewel?" "Certainly, my son, where is it?"

Alan opened the door and led Vivian in. "Here is the jewel, father. She has promised to be my wife."

The old man said, "I welcome you as a daughter. Alan, if your judgment is as good in selecting mines as it is jewels, 'tis needless to say the company has made a good investment."

Further surprise awaited Lawyer Wilson. When Miss Farrar produced the papers her Uncle gave her, he read them and said: "Thrice welcome. You are the niece of my old friend and schoolmate." On the glad Christmas day Alan and Vivian were married.

Now Vivian shines as one of society's beauties, but to the miner's of Raven Gulch she is just the Kid, their queen who reigned with gentle hand.

FROM THE LIFE OF MAY, WE PASS TO DECEMBER'S GRAY

Where one person sees sights of Nature that are pleasant studies, others may pass by without a thought. If a true student of Nature was to look on a little scene of country life that happened long ago it might be interesting.

A long, broad lane, bordered on each side by a dilapidated rail fence, overgrown with briars. Scattered along the fence are a few white oak trees. Just under the hill stands a little blue school house. 'Tis a long dusty road with nothing much to please the eye, you might say; but look again. Surely there is something interesting.

A barefooted boy with patched clothes and freckled face, and a barefooted girl in a pink frock with two brown braids hanging below her sunbonnet. Both are carrying the same dinner basket home from school. Are they brother and sister? We only see their backs, but they hardly act like brother and sister. Now they stop at the big hazelnut bush at the crossroads. The girl takes off her bonnet, showing a bright smiling face with a dimple in either cheek. Her nose turns up the least bit and her eyes are brown. Surely they must be sweethearts.

The boy says, "Katie, hold your basket while I climb up and throw the nuts down."

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

She is laughing, "Look out, Tom, you will fall."

"Would you care, Katie, if I did?"

"No, not unless you got hurt real bad. Tom, the basket is full. Do come down."

"You can have them all, Katie."

"No, no, you take half of them." She fills his dinner bucket and then runs down the crossroad. His home is the other way and he stands and watches her until she is lost in the trees, then he hurries home for he has cows to bring home and garden to hoe.

The next morning he waits at the crossroads until she comes. She passes by pretending not to see him. Then he slips up behind her and pulls off her bonnet. She chases him down the road and thus we see them in their early schooldays.

† † †

Katie Lee and Tom Garden are now older. They wear shoes and are more bashful when together. One night Katie walked home with Don King from across the creek. The next day Tom would not look at her.

When Tom is about seventeen and Katie sixteen, Tom's parents move to the east.

Before leaving, Tom calls on Katie one evening and they walk in the garden. He gives her a locket with a picture of himself and a ring. There is no affected coyness in her demeanor. She is a child of Nature yielding to the sweet impulse of a first love and proclaiming her passion of an innocent and confiding spirit, she gives him an old fashioned tintype of herself.

FROM THE LIFE OF MAY

They part with promises of frequent communication by letter and most affectionate remembrance. Tom promises that when he gets rich he will come after her.

Tom gets a position in one of the cities of the east and works hard to win fame. In the stillness of the evening when he is left alone he writes to his Katie telling her how he is prospering.

Don King makes a visit to relatives in the city and calls on his old schoolmate, Tom Gordon. They talk over bygone days until late. When Don leaves Tom gives him a letter to mail addressed to Katie. He had written telling her he would soon come after her.

But now the happiness of these lovers is sadly crossed. Don is jealous of Tom and he takes this chance to win Katie away from him, so he destroys the letter and tells Katie when he gets home that Tom is engaged to a girl in the city.

Tom waits in vain for the answer that never comes. He is too proud to write again, so he busies himself in his works and after years has acquired wealth.

Dear reader, is a woman's love less lasting than a man's? Don and Katie are married.

Now a great longing comes to Tom to see his old home and Katie, so he goes to the west. When he gets to his old home he finds changes. He passes where the little blue schoolhouse stood. It has been torn down and a brick stands in its place. As he looks at the familiar scenes, sweet memories come to him; then the uncertain glory of an April day which now

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

shows all the beauty of the sun; and by and by a cloud takes all away.

He goes to the crossroads. The old hazelnut bush is still there. He sits in its shade. A stranger rides by and Tom asks him if he knows the Lees that used to live close by.

The stranger answers, "Yes, I used to go to school with the daughter, Katie."

With surprise Tom jumps to his feet saying, "Say, are you Lem Brown?"

"I am, sir, but I do not remember you."

"What, don't you remember your old seatmate, Tom Gordon?"

"So you are Tom. Shake, old boy. How you have changed. You were asking about the Lee family. They have all moved away except Katie. She is married to Don King. She has two children. They live down on the creek road."

This is a blow to Tom. He exclaims: "Oh! I trusted a friend and he deceived me. While striving for wealth, the love, the light of my life, I neglected. I have gained wealth and fame. And now I wish that I could forget her name. I wish she were in heaven. If she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel law that binds her to a false friend. May it please her memory to remember me a dream of the past. She is a wife and mother now. To make myself known would not bring happiness but sorrow.

FROM THE LIFE OF MAY

My dear friend, may it never be known that I was here in the flesh."

Lem assures him: "Dear Tom, your secret shall be sealed in my heart and remember as we used to stand by each other in our school days, so shall we in old age."

Tom thanks Lem warmly for his kindness and goes in haste to the east again.

As Father Time sways his scythe there are many changes. Let us now take a look into two different houses; one in the east and one in the west.

In the west we see a brown-eyed mother getting two children ready for school. One, a grey-eyed boy of twelve she calls Thomas and the other a brown-eyed girl about fifteen. When they are gone down the road side by side, both carrying the dinner basket, she goes into the house and takes from a drawer a locket and looks at it a long time.

In the east we go to the business part of the city and read over the door, "Thomas Gordon." We peep into a richly furnished room and see a gray haired man sitting at a desk. He is holding an old tintype of a brown-eyed girl Hark! what is he saying. "You swore to me when I gave you the ring that you would keep it until the hour of death and now you have put it aside and taken another." As he looks he sees more. He sees a little blue school house, a barefoot boy and a barefoot girl coming down the lane carrying the same dinner basket. He sees the life of May from his life of December's gray.

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE

A memorable event was about to happen in a little village in one of the eastern states. The whole population was out en masse to witness the event. Two trains were about to leave for the far west. It was something very unusual in the little village. These were wagon trains pulled by oxen. They were headed for the Pacific Coast to make homes in the new west.

Going in one train was a family by the name of Wright; father, mother and two children; Mable, about fifteen years old and Stanley who was nineteen years old. Good-byes had been said; the ox teams had started; Stanley lingered. He was bidding good-bye to his sweetheart, Bernice Doile.

"Dear Stanley," said she, "I would that I could go with you, but mother is so poorly, my duty is with her."

"Good-bye, Bernice. When I have made a home I will come and claim your hand and take you and your mother to the far west."

She stood on the hillside and looked back; the earth lay at her feet and the sky fell about her fair head. He sees her standing, a lonely figure in a lost world. She raised her head and said, "Good-bye, and God bless you."

When he gets to the bend in the road he looks back, and seeing Bernice waving her handkerchief he takes off his hat and waves back.

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE

Stanley's father was appointed captain. There were hostile Indians along the trail. Stanley and some of the other boys often go ahead as scouts to see that the way is clear. They spend many weary months crossing the plains. Winding their way slowly along the trail through Idaho a bunch of Indians came like a whirlwind around a bluff and ride straight towards them. They stop within a hundred yards of the train. Captain Wright lays down his gun and goes barehanded to meet them. It is evident enough from their expressions that this is a degree of boldness to which they were unaccustomed. It is evident also that they are unprepared to meet such actions. Captain Wright remained silent with his usual placidity.

Finally the chief patted his stomach and said, "Hungry; eat."

Said Captain Wright, "I give you food. Will you go? Stanley, bring some bacon and tobacco."

When it is brought, the chief said, "How." Then they mount their ponies and ride away.

"Boys," said Captain Wright, "we will have to keep a good watch tonight."

They were not molested that night, although the scouts reported Indians. They were being followed by the redskins.

Near Walla Walls they are surrounded by Indians and all massacred except two. Stanley saved himself by a trick. He took the blanket from a dead Indian.

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Wrapping himself in it he goes towards the river and hides behind a rock.

Captain Wright sees his wife and daughter butchered by the redskins. Himself wounded in the arm, he staggers towards the river. The air cools his brain, so he stands in the late night and thinks. His great chest heaves with his breathing, so that his gray beard rises and falls. His big hands are clenched as if to strike down some lurking redskin and his eyes stare wide into the darkness. Like a rushing dream full of wheeling and flashing lights the strange and awful incidents sweep into his brain. He thinks he sees an Indian hiding behind a rock. He picks up a rock and raises his arm to crush his skull when up rises his son, Stanley, letting the blanket fall to the ground.

"My boy! Thank God I have one left."

"Come, father, to the river and I will dress your arm."

"Son, I had almost given up when I found you."

"We had better get as far from here as we can by morning."

"You are right, Stanley. Let us go down the river. What have you with you. I have my Colt revolver and this old silver watch."

"I have a small water can, a hunting knife, three dry biscuits and the Indian blanket."

After traveling several hours it began to get daylight, so they look for a place to stop through the day.

"Father, see the natural cave under yonder wall.

We have found just the place where we can rest safely today."

They spread the blanket, covering themselves with their coats and are soon fast asleep. Towards evening Stanley awoke and went out to the river. He soon came running back saying, "I saw a fish jumping the riffles. I have heard that the Indians catch them as they go up. I will make a net of my overshirt and try for one. You go out and get a willow pole with a fork on one end and a small willow to make the hoop while I make a net."

He tore his shirt into strings and wove it into a small net. This he lashed to the hoop and tied the hoop to the forked end of the pole and went where the water was narrow and swift. He dipped the net several times.

It was jerked nearly from his hands. He had dipped one too big for the net. It flopped out but soon he caught another and landed him. It was a nice salmon weighing about six pounds. He ran to the cave and said, "Build a fire while I dress the fish."

When it was dressed he wrapped it in some green leaves and baked it in the coals. They feasted on baked salmon without salt and one hard dry biscuit.

"Come, Stanley," Mr. Wright said finally, "it is getting dark and we will have to travel again."

"I will take the net along as we will want more fish."

On the next day towards evening they come to the mouth of the John Day River. Here they see a man in a canoe.

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

Captain Wright calls, "Are you friend or foe?"

"I am Duree, the French trapper. I am friend to the whites and called friend by the Indians."

Captain Wright traded his old silver watch to Duree for him to take them to Fort Dalles. When near the fort, Duree takes them to his hut for the night. Here they meet Duree's daughter, Jeanne, the beautiful half-breed. They spend the night on some furs by the fire and in the morning go to Fort Dalles.

While there the Indians make an attack on the fort, but are driven away.

After a few days, not seeing any Indians about, the Wrights start down the river in an old canoe. When near the Cascades they are attacked by Indians. Stanley is wounded in the arm, but jumps into the water and swims to a rock in the middle of the river. His father floated down to the rapids where the canoe is turned over and he is drowned.

It was getting dark and Stanley was chilled through and nearly exhausted. There were other eyes keener than the Indians' that had been watching him. As it grew darker, a little canoe slipped noiselessly down stream and landed against the rock. Stanley raised his head when a soft voice whispered, "Sh!" It was Jeanne. She helped him into the canoe and paddled up stream. It was a long weary pull. She finally landed near the hut and helped Stanley up the bank and into the hut.

The next morning Stanley has a fever and he lays

for weeks and is nursed by the faithful Jeanne. While delirious he would take her hand and calling her his Bernice would tell her he would ever be true to her. Jeanne does not understand English very well, so she takes all in earnest. When he is convalescing he reads love in her eyes. They go down on the rocks by the river and he teaches her to speak English and she teaches him French in return. Thus they pass many happy days together.

One day Duree's partner, Soto, came up from Astoria. He is a large, dark, heavy-browed man. While Duree and Jeanne are out he comes in. Stanley pretends to be sleeping. Soto comes across the room and bends over him, then slips across the room and pulls a rock from the wall and takes out a bag. He slips this in his shirt, replaces the rock and goes out.

Stanley is getting strong, so he moves over to the fort. There he secures a job with the Hudson Bay Company at Astoria. He often wondered what kind of an image rises in most people's minds at the words Hudson Bay Company. Likely it is of an Indian clad in beads and furs setting traps by a lonely lake or stream or driving a team of wolf dogs across miles of snow; or of a Scotchman inside a log fort holding a flint lock upright on the ground while the feathered tribe trade for it by piling beaver skins up to its muzzle. Such a sketch is nearly true. About 1670, wool shirts replaced rawhide, felt hats took the place of feathered headgear and the price of guns and ammunition dropped for the Company

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

has always been master of the northwest country. It was the Company's power over the Indians that made them riches. For instance, the text and key-stone of the Company's supremacy for centuries has been, hold the Indians in debt by advances of traps and just the rations at the proper price to keep him always hungry; so he must hunt for them.

As Stanley goes down the river in his canoe he sees two men in a canoe ahead. It is Duree and his partner. Duree is rowing with his back to Soto. Soto raises something and strikes Duree on the head. He falls forward and Stanley gives chase in his canoe. Soto throws Duree into the water and starts rowing. Stanley fired twice and at the second shot Soto's right oar falls. He had broken his arm. Stanley then turns and looks for Duree and pulls him in the canoe and works over him until he comes to life again. He looks for Soto and sees him drifting over the rapids. His oars gone, one arm broke, no man could pass through alive in that condition. Stanley takes Duree home and tells him about Soto taking the bag from the wall. The Frenchman looks behind the rock and said, "I have been robbed by that scoundrel." Then he takes Stanley by the hand, saying: "You have saved my life this day. Duree will never forget. Name your reward."

Stanley looks at Jeanne and their eyes meet. He turns to Duree. A vision comes before his eyes. It is a blue-eyed girl waving goodbye to him. He stam-



Willamette River

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE

mers to Duree, "I—I would prefer my father's old silver watch to anything else."

"'Tis yours, my boy, and welcome."

He bids Jeanne and her father good-bye and starts again down the river. It is a long lonesome trip by canoe. He packs around the cascades and then goes on down the grand old Columbia with nothing but the dense forest on either side. It takes him weeks to make the trip.

He worked four years for the Hudson Bay Company and then quit and took up a claim near Portland. He built a house on the bank of the Willamette River and cleared a garden patch.

Spring had come, and beneath the rare perfume of spring in the forest the night air lay soft and the gentle breeze of evening stirred the topmost leaves of the towering trees. He sits in his cabin door thinking. On the morrow he will go to Fort Dalles on business and then go east to claim his bride.

So it was that he met Jeanne again. His heart is with her, but his word of honor is given to Bernice. He walks with Jeanne out to the rock overlooking the Columbia. There he tells her he is going east to marry the girl he has promised to wed. She gives him one long look. Said she, "I wed you in death." Then she turns with her dark hair streaming over her shoulders and plunges into the Columbia. How clear she makes it to him. Her words open a vivid scene. He sees the day, the darkness. He hears the roar of

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE

the waves. His Jeanne is no more. Trappers find her body some days later on the rocks below the rapids.

Stanley goes east and marries Bernice and brings her and her mother to his new home. She never knew how near he came to breaking his promise.



Finely



NELL

IT WERE BETTER SO

Firefly felt gay this cool autumn morning. He pranced over the turf with pride. His rider too felt gay. He was humming a cowboy song as he rode towards Tub Springs. He rounded the bluff near the spring and Firefly wheeled with a snort and a buck, nearly unseating his rider. The song was cut short.

"Confound you, Firefly. The devil is in you this morning."

Bob Deering wheeled his horse to see the cause of fright. Then he laughed and slapped his horse on the neck.

"Old boy, you are in mettle to scare at a toad this morning."

The toad (a little girl about six years old) was coming towards them from the spring. Up near the bluff was a covered wagon. Tied to the wheel was a mule and an old gray horse. As Bob came up near the little girl said: "I am so hungry and papa won't get up."

Bob got down and led her by the hand to the wagon. A man lay on some quilts moaning. Bob needed but a glance to see he was a very sick man. He hunted around for something for the little girl to eat, but could find nothing fit, so he took her on his horse and rode back to the ranch and told his housekeeper to

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

give her food. He then sent one of the boys after a doctor.

When the little girl was done eating, he takes her back to the wagon. Soon the doctor came and they did all they could for the sick man, but he was past all earthly help and passed to the beyond. They looked for papers to identify the dead, but could find nothing. If it could be that he was trying to hide his identity, he had done his work well.

Bob asked the little girl her name and she said, "Nell."

"What is your papa's name?"

"Jim."

"But, what else? He has another name, hasn't he?"

"No, just Jim." Then she began to cry.

The doctor said, "Deering, you had better look after the child," and then rode away.

Bob took Nell on his horse and started back to the ranch. His thoughts were running something like this: "I am in a dickens of a fix. What will I do with this little toad. Well, someone will have to look after her, sure. I will leave her with the housekeeper until something turns up." He spurred up Firefly and was soon at the ranch.

He called, "Halloa."

Mrs. Hull, a middle-aged woman came to the door and he said, "Here take care of this little toad. Her dad has passed in his checks."

The next day the cowboys buried the dead man and

NELL

put up a board with these words on it: "Jim. He died Nov. 15th, 1882. History unknown."

Bob advertised, but got no word concerning Nell.

When Bob came home in the evening little Nell came to meet him with a clean dress on and her hands and face washed, with a mass of curls about her head in little rings of nut-brown color. Her eyes, the most beautiful part of her—but for the life of him Bob could not describe the color and no two would hardly agree. Bob wondered that he had not noticed before that she was a beautiful child.

Five years passed and little Nell is yet a feature on the big cattle ranch owned by Bob Deering; Dandy Bob, the boys call him, because he kept his saddle and outfit so neat and always rode a horse with such snap and vim. Nell called him Uncle Bob. He had taught her to ride and she had a gentle pony she always rode to the office at Cold Camp every evening for the mail.

One evening Nell was waiting for the mail train at the station. She was sitting on a box near the track swinging her whip when the train stopped. There was a couple looking out of the window. The woman looked straight at Nell and then turned to her male companion as the train pulled out.

The next day on the morning train back a man and a woman got off at Cold Camp. They went to the hotel and said they were looking for a stock ranch. Just before evening they hired a team from the stable and drove out towards Tub Springs.

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

Bob came in from the barn, washed and called for his mail.

Mrs. Hull told him, "Nell has not come home yet. I guess the train must be late again."

One of the boys came in and told them that as he was driving a bunch of white faces from the south range he found Nell's pony without a rider. This created excitement at the ranch. Bob rode to the office and was told that Nell had not called for the mail. The cowboys rode all night, but could find no trace of Nell. In the morning the livery team was still missing and the couple had not come back to the hotel. This threw suspicions on the man and woman.

Bob Deering did everything in his power to locate Nell, but to no avail.

† † †

The express was behind and was running to make up lost time to San Francisco. Still it did not go fast enough to suit the couple in one coach. They had their heads together talking low.

"Tom," the woman was saying, "I knew her as soon as I put eyes on her at the little station, but when I saw the scar on her wrist I was sure. Sh! she was waking."

A girl about twelve years old sat up and looked around with a hunted look. 'Twas Nell. She had been told that the woman, Mrs. Reed, was her aunt and that she would take her to her home in San Francisco. At the station they took a cab to a lonely house

in a deserted part of the city. Here the girl is kept under watch. Mrs. Reed has learned from Nell where she had been staying at the Deering Ranch. She has also learned that there is a little mahogany chest at the ranch belonging to the late Mr. Warefield.

When Reed came home she told him of the discovery and said: "Tom, there are certain papers we must possess before we can claim the girl's fortune. Without a doubt they are in the chest. Go to the ranch and work until you get a chance to get the chest."

Thus Tom Reed is hired on the Deering Ranch to help with the alfalfa hay. A few nights later Bob is wakened by a noise on the back porch. He grabs his revolver and opens the door. Someone was crawling from the window of Nell's room to the porch. Bob fires twice. The thief falls forward and drops the chest on the floor. The boys came running with lights. There lay the new hand dead. One bullet had splintered the lid of the chest and Bob saw a paper sticking from the crack. He got a hammer and broke the lid and found a bundle of papers in a secret drawer. The papers are addressed to Nellie May Warefield.

"My daughter Nellie:—I write these lines so if anything happens to me you will know your history. I am taking you away from scenes distasteful to me. Your mother left you when you needed a mother's care. It may be better so. She was not a fit companion to care for you.

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

Deceitful and adventuresome, she left you and ran off with a man of shady character. Beware of her always. She may try to get possession of the fortune that will be yours. Your late aunt left in my care her fortune to be yours when you are of age. In this bundle you will find papers to prove your claim.

“(Signed) James A. Warefield.”

Now the mystery of little Nell was solved. On the dead man they found his address in San Francisco, so Bob made a vow to hunt Nell and bring her back.

He went to the city and secured a wig and beard and clothes to duplicate Reed's. He then went to the address found on Reed and knocked at the door. It was opened by a woman. When she saw him she exclaimed. “Tom, what luck did you have?”

“I got the papers all right.”

“Good, now we can claim the fortune.”

Bob removed his disguise and said, “Excuse me, madam, but I hardly accept a partnership in your dealings.

She clutched her throat and then drew a knife from her belt and rushed at Bob. He caught her wrist and said: “Your game is up. You had better produce the girl, Nellie Warefield.”

She composed herself and said, “Pardon me, you wished to see my niece. I will call her.”

She left the room and Bob soon heard a scream and rushed into the next room to see Mrs. Warefield, alias

NELL

Mrs. Reed, lying on the floor in her death agony. The knife was buried in her breast.

He rushed from room to room, calling, "Nell, Nell." He heard someone pound on a door and he pushed it, but found it locked, so he broke it with his shoulder. Nell rushed to him and exclaimed, "Uncle Bob! I knew you would come. Take me back to the ranch."

"I will, Nell, but there is some bad news. The lady you were staying with fell on her knife and I fear she is dead."

Out of respect for Nell he had the woman buried in a decent way. Then he took Nell back to the ranch.

A few days later he gave her the papers from her father's chest. She read them and said, "This is strange. I wonder if I would know this odd mother if I should meet her."

Bob told her he thought she ought to go away to school for a few years as she would be a rich lady some day and would need to be prepared to go into society.

"No, no, Uncle Bob. I want to stay with you always."

Bob finally persuaded her to go to school and she stayed there until she was eighteen. Then she wrote she was coming to the ranch.

When Bob met her at the station he was surprised at her beauty. If he thought years ago that she was a beautiful child, what did he think now of the lady before him? When they got to the ranch Bob told her:

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

“Miss Warefield, you can go to the city and claim your fortune now.”

“Don’t call me Miss Warefield. I want to be just plain Nell. And I think it is real mean of you to send me away again.”

“Nell, if it is your wish you may stay with me always, but you must call me plain Bob.”

If one was to ask Bob Deering the color of his wife’s eyes he could come no nearer telling than he did of little Nell’s years ago, and Nell never knew she had met her unnatural mother. It were better so.



Mary's Peak

IN THE MOUNTAINS

It was in June, 1882, that a friend, Jack Stanley, invited me to make a trip in the Coast Range Mountains of Oregon. It was to be a pleasure and business trip combined. Jack was starting up a new saw mill and had bargained for three yoke of oxen with a Mr. Carver, who lived on the west slope of the mountains on Little Elk Creek. They have Little Elk and Big Elk Creek, both on the west slope.

Take your map of Oregon and put your finger on Yaquina Bay; cross the bay and follow up Yaquina River to Big Elk Creek and then on up to Little Elk Creek. This leads you to the very foot of old Mary's Peak. Here you have an ice-cold, clear stream, well filled with mountain trout. This is where Mr. Carver lives.

We crossed from the east side by a trail that led across the foot of Mary's Peak, a grand old mountain and a landmark. From parts of the Willamette Valley it looms up most beautiful. It is covered with a growth of big firs except at the very top, where there are some two or three hundred acres which is covered with snow until in May. Then a thick growth of grass shoots up. This is pastured with cattle until late in the fall. As you ascend the mountain the big valley is at your back and as you go higher the farms look like playthings. When on top you see several towns up and

IN THE MOUNTAINS

down the Willamette Valley. You turn and looking far over the smaller mountains catch a glimpse of the Pacific Ocean.

When we got well down the west side we came out of the big fir timber. Here years before fires had burnt over everything. Standing straight and bare like sentinels were the charred bodies of the giant firs, with a growth of underbrush and smaller trees. On some of the ridges there was no brush but there was fern which grew as high as my head. There were lots of wild blackberries and thimbleberries along the trail.

I furnished the ponies for the trip. They were small and wirey. Quite often we had to jump logs with them when there was no way around.

We rode into a little clearing and saw a log house with a garden nearby. Farther down was a log barn and corrals. Mr. Carver came out and welcomed us, telling us the oxen were out somewheres and that he would look them up in the morning.

The next morning the oxen could not be located, so we all hunted for them, each going a different direction. I followed a dim trail toward the Peak and was picking my way carefully as I had jumped some deer that morning. Soon I heard the baying of hounds across the ravine and thought perhaps they were after a deer. Presently I heard them on my side of the ravine and nearer. I heard something running through the fern. I peeked out of the trail and out rushed something and knocked me onto my back. My gun went

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

off in the air. I shook the dirt from my eyes and saw a big, black bear running down the trail and the hounds were scurrying all around me. I will admit I was surprised.

The owner of the hounds came running down the trail and asked me if I had seen a bear. I replied that I had seen and felt one. We followed the hounds down the ridge. Then they turned toward the creek and we could hear them baying loud. My friend said, "Treed!"

When we came nearer the hounds we saw they were jumping around a big stump and the bear was on top looking down. We shot several times, before he tumbled off and ran into the brush. It was some time before the hounds were still, but when they finally quieted we took a look and found the bear was dead.

When I got back to camp at noon the other boys had two nice young bucks dressed. It was four days before we found the oxen. We walked miles each day. My! what an appetite I had when we came to the table. The chairs were benches; the table was made of slabs; but did a king ever sit to such a feast—green peas, new potatoes, butter milk and honey with venison and mountain trout every day. I hated to leave that little mountain home.

The next morning after we found the oxen we bade good-bye to the Carvers and started across the trail. We had a yoke for each span of oxen and as we had to drive single file over the mountain we took each yoke

IN THE MOUNTAINS

and tied it on an ox's back with one end tied between the horns.

The first evening we reached the settlement and the next day about sundown we came to Jack's mill.

Some day I expect to visit the little mountain home again.



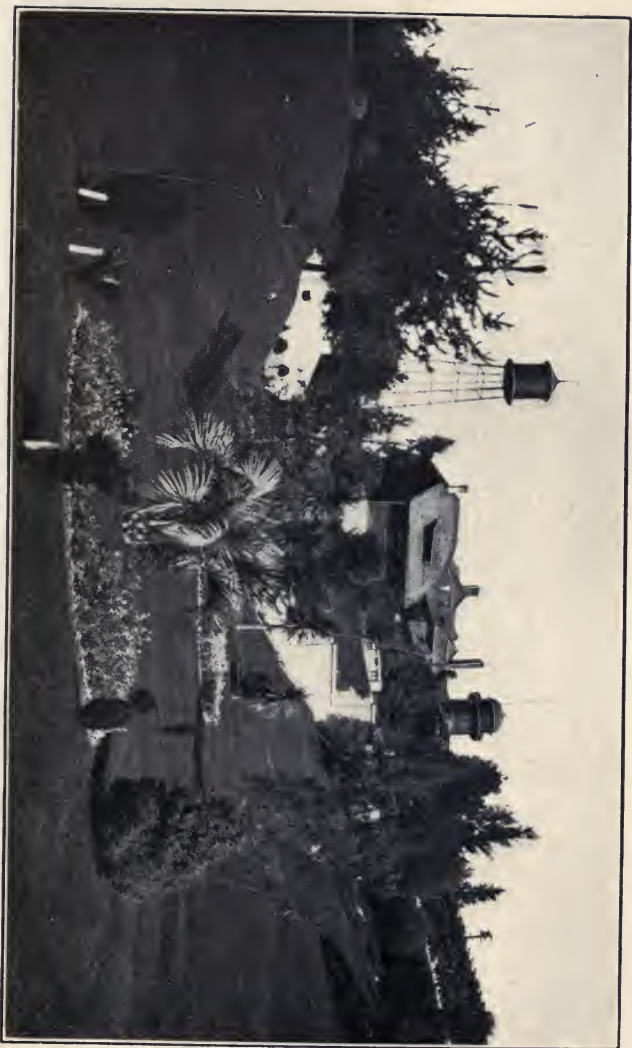
Christmas in the North.

CHRISTMAS IN THE FROZEN NORTH OR SUNNY SOUTH

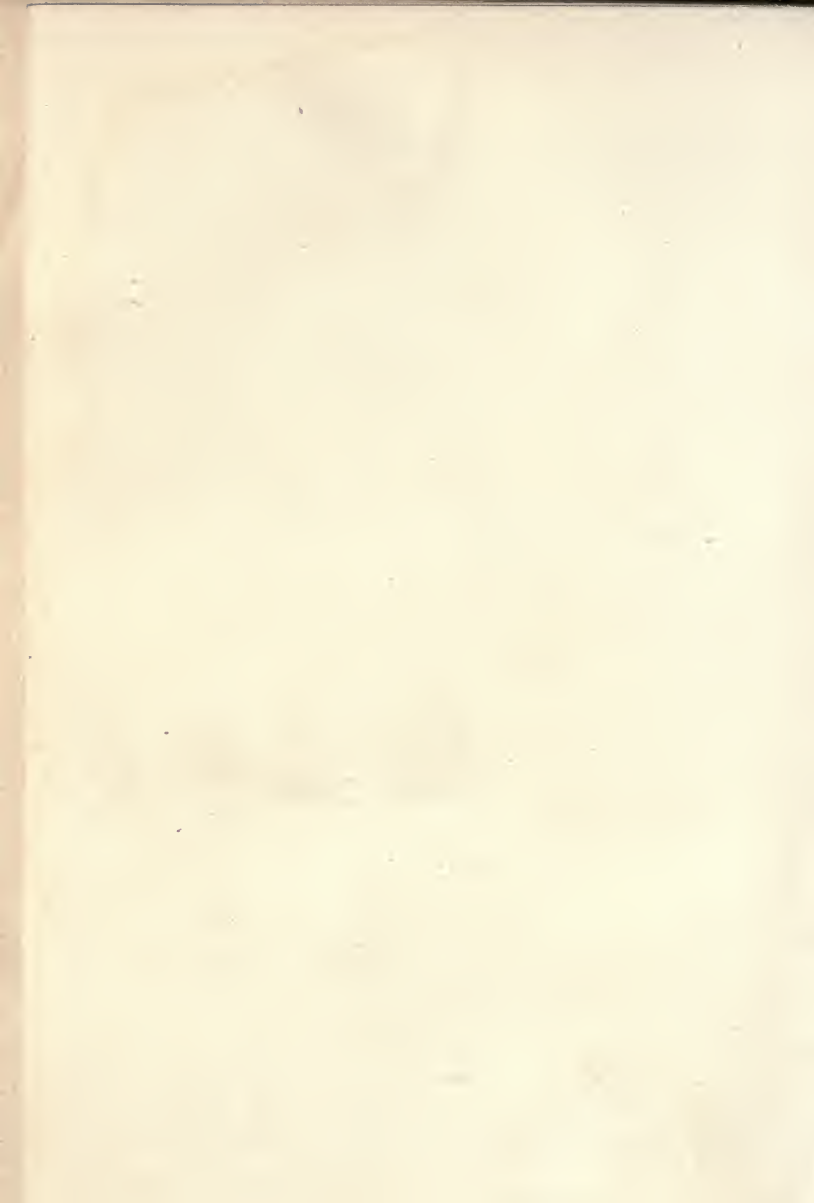
A chill has come over the northland. The lake glares with a shining coat of ice. The trees are draped with silver beads, the earth is covered with light fluffy snow, soft and downy, as a lady's cheek. A wolf skirts the lake in search of food. His tracks make two rows of dots in the snow. Now a bear comes out of the timber and shuffles through the snow to the edge of the lake. He looks through the ice until he sees a fish, then he hits the ice and stuns the fish until he can break the ice and get it out. Now an owl is heard across the lake. "Hoo toot tohoo." The bear looks up, then resumes his fishing. Crack! a noise rings out over the lake like a rifle shot. 'Tis only the ice settling. The bear takes fright and goes plowing through the snow in an awkward lope towards the timber. Now the sun's rays are breaking over the mountain peaks, falling on the ice-covered lake, throwing a shining glare on all things. The trees glisten and quiver in the sun's rays. Now the birds are seen hopping about in search of food. A hunter comes out of the timber across the lake. He is walking on snow shoes. The limbs he touches in passing are freed of their load and go bounding in the air, a contrast of green against the white. Now the hunter crosses the lake and looks to the right and left of him. His eye falls on the bear's

ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

tracks in the snow. He shifts his gun to his arm and follows his trail into the forest. The trail leads through bushes and over logs, but always deeper into the forest. Now it leads the hunter in a rocky ravine. The perpendicular rocks are bare of snow and under this ledge the trail leads into a dark hole in the rocks. There is a strong odor from the hole in the rocks. The hunter stops and gathers some dry twigs and limbs and piles them in the hole. These he sets afire and covers over with wet moss. He then takes his station on the rocks above the hole with his gun ready for action. Soon there is a sneeze and snort. Out rushes bruin, knocking the burning brands every way. Crack, goes the rifle. Bruin stumbles. Crack! Crack! in quick succession. Bruin rolls over in the snow and kicks and claws the bushes. The hunter approaches near; with one well-directed shot despatches bruin. Behold a sight for a painter's brush. Everywhere the soft white snow. Here and there the green boughs are freed of the snow. The bear with his dark coat is laying on the snow streaked with crimson stains. 'Tis evident the hunter is not of an artistic nature, for he draws a slim-bladed knife from his belt and proceeds to rip open bruin's pelt. When his task is ended, he seats himself on a log and takes from his inner pocket a photo of a laughing blue-eyed girl. He is saying as he looks, "I wonder how she is spending this Christmas day."



Christmas in the South



ADVENTURES AND DAY DREAMS

The sun is smiling over the southland. The orange trees are abundantly and fragrantly in bloom. The flowers are all out and the meadows are green and sweet scented. Away upon yonder mountain peak is just a touch of snow. In a tree top a mocking bird is singing. He stops as a girl comes down the path past the flower beds and out in the orange grove. She has sunny hair and blue eyes. Her dress is low at the neck and has short sleeves. She seats herself under an orange tree and takes from her handbag a photo of a pleasant looking boy with dark curly hair. She is saying, "I wonder how he is spending this Christmas day."

FOREST AND STREAM OR A DREAM

One drowsy afternoon I was sitting in my room reading, when a longing to be in the forest came over me. Then it must be that I lay my book aside and went into the forest, for now I am in the woods.

Sometime I liken the trees to people I have known. See that pine standing on yonder knoll, a sentinel on duty, towering over the other trees, facing his foes, the wind and the rain.

Now I go down to the brook. A fisherman I see standing on the banks near the riffles. This patient fisherman (a willow with one long slim limb out over the water with the end bending down) touches the swiftly moving water. This sets the limb aquiver. Ever anon the limb bobs clear of the stream like a fisherman jerking his rod. I pass with silent tread lest I frighten the fish away.

Now I come to where the hillside slopes away from the brook. Do my eyes deceive me? No, these surely are school children out for a recess. The girls, a cluster of small cedars and the boys are a clump of pines. When the wind whips down the ravine they romp and play in joy. Near the brook, but in sight of her flock, the poplar schoolma'am. I would vouch for it that she is Popular, for I have been told that she has

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been poplar all her life. And so slim and supple. A book she must be reading for I can see the leaves turning.

Now I go to the foot of a bald mountain and look up to its rocky summit. 'Tis a hard climb, but I feel venturesome. So up I go. Near the top I stop to take breath. Ah me, I see a ragged juniper rooted among the rocks. This must be the hermit of the bald mountain. Far away from all trees and shrubs he spends his days and nights in solitude. I will not intrude farther.

So I pick my way down to the forest again and sit under a lone pine. A charred stub stands near by. The pine is sighing and moaning in mournful notes. Can it be this tree is haunted. Now I remember. The book I was reading was about the lady and the pine. The book says the Indians captured the lady and her husband and tied her to one tree and her husband to the other, and then set fire to the tree her husband was tied to. The wife watched the tree burn and her husband was charred into ashes; then it was said the lady's spirit turned into the pine, so she could be near her husband. Now she is ever looking down on the stub and sighing. I am not of a nature to court ghosts, so I leave the haunted pine to her solitude.

A little farther and I behold the laurel, the tree without shame. Just on the slope of yonder ridge it stands apart from other trees. Its limbs and body are bare

FOREST AND STREAM

and nude and the modest trees nearby stand with drooping heads.

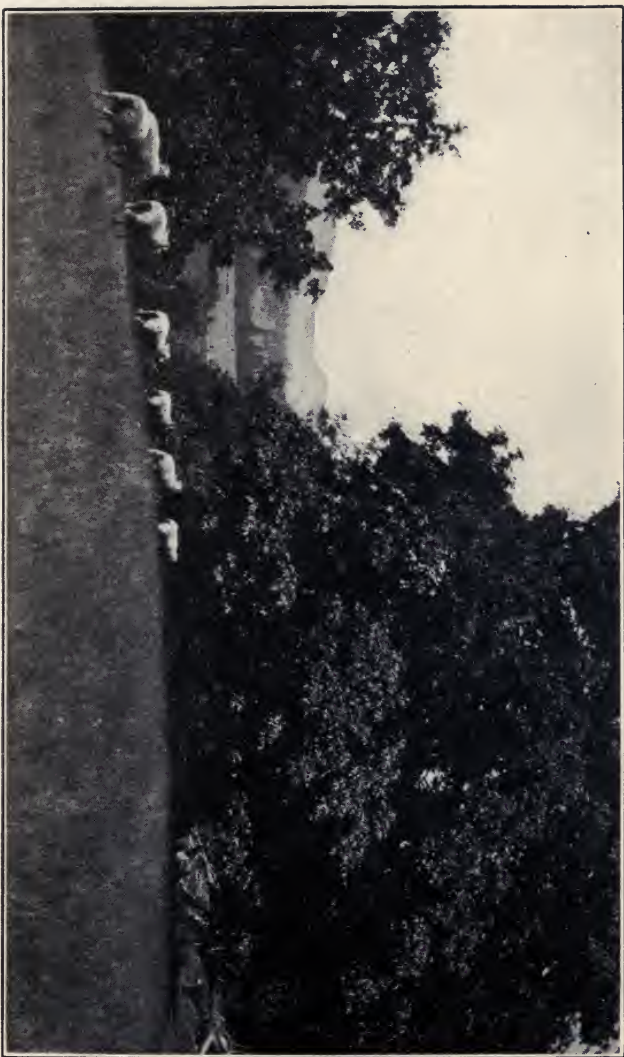
Unlike human beings I do not always see the gnarled and bent in the aged. Here stands a pine of many years, straight and thrifty. It has wintered through many a storm.

At one side I see a clump of trees. One is crowded and overshadowed by the others; it is puny and thin.

As I go deep into the forest 'tis all shade and shadows. I see rare ferns and vines that are never in the sunshine. They are soft and tender. Nature had made it so. All life that in the shadows grow is weak. In the sunshine we see life that is robust and strong.

Now I am walking on a carpet of many colors, made and woven in Nature's loom. 'Tis cool and soft under my foot. I sit down on a log covered over with a moss padded cushion.

'Tis a delight to go from tree to tree of different kinds and inhale the perfumes. Here the salal bush grows over the ground in profusion, loaded with purple berries. Here stands a dead cedar twisted around its body an ivy. My eyes followed it up the stub. A red-headed woodpecker pops out of a hole and with a quick jerk of his head nods me a good morning. As I go on my path is blocked by the gigantic roots of a fallen monarch of the forest. There had been a mighty battle fought. Here is a deep and ragged hole in the ground. The roots had clung with power before being torn loose, but the wind was more powerful and laid



The Grand Old Oak

FOREST AND STREAM

the giant fir low in its natural death. Like a corpse, its long, straight body lay stretched along the earth. It had filled its purpose in this world. The fruitful cones from its towering limbs had fallen to the soft earth. Little trees are sprouting on all sides. It is to be ever so. The fruitful pass on and others fill the vacancy.

Now I come to a stream running through the forest. I set me down on a rock and listen to the brook murmuring as it rushes over the pebbles. The forest is a mighty theater and the trees are listening to the brook singing. The wind sways the limbs to and fro as if the trees are clapping their hands in joy. On and on the brook sings. How clear and sweet the music and such an appreciative audience. I pluck a bouquet of wild flowers and throw them at the brook's feet. I go on, loth to leave such a delightful scene behind. Sing on sweet stream. May your music never be less.

Now I come into a cleared space and take off my hat in reverence. For I am in Nature's court. The judge, a mighty oak, stands upon a knoll. Just beneath are the lawyers, a few smaller oaks, and to one side is the prisoner, a stooping ash. At his side, the guard, an alder, stands straight and erect. At the left is the jury, a clump of sumachs; and that weeping willow down by the brook must be the prisoner's wife. I back out with bowed and uncovered head, for I am on forbidden ground.

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I follow up the brook through the cedar groves with their sweet scented foliage. Now I am surrounded by trees of all kinds. Surely there is a storm coming on, for the trees are all swaying and groaning now. Do my eyes deceive me. The trees are all forming in a circle around me. Now one giant pine is talking to me. "We have caught you at last," it was saying. "You are a murderer. You come into our forest and cut we trees down and mutilate our bodies. We now have you in our power and will crush you to death."

I started to run, when a limb struck me and I fell to the earth.

Then I woke up, for I had been asleep and had fallen from my chair to the floor. There on the floor lay my book, "The Lady and the Pine."



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